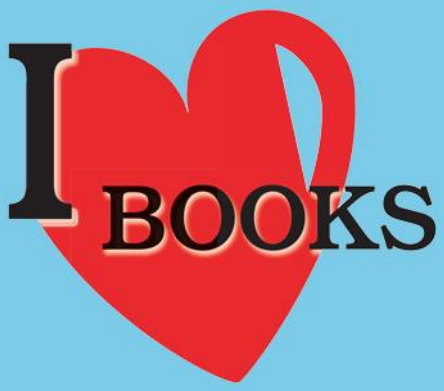


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Opening extract from

Spynosaur

Written by

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Illustrated by

Lee Robinson

Published by

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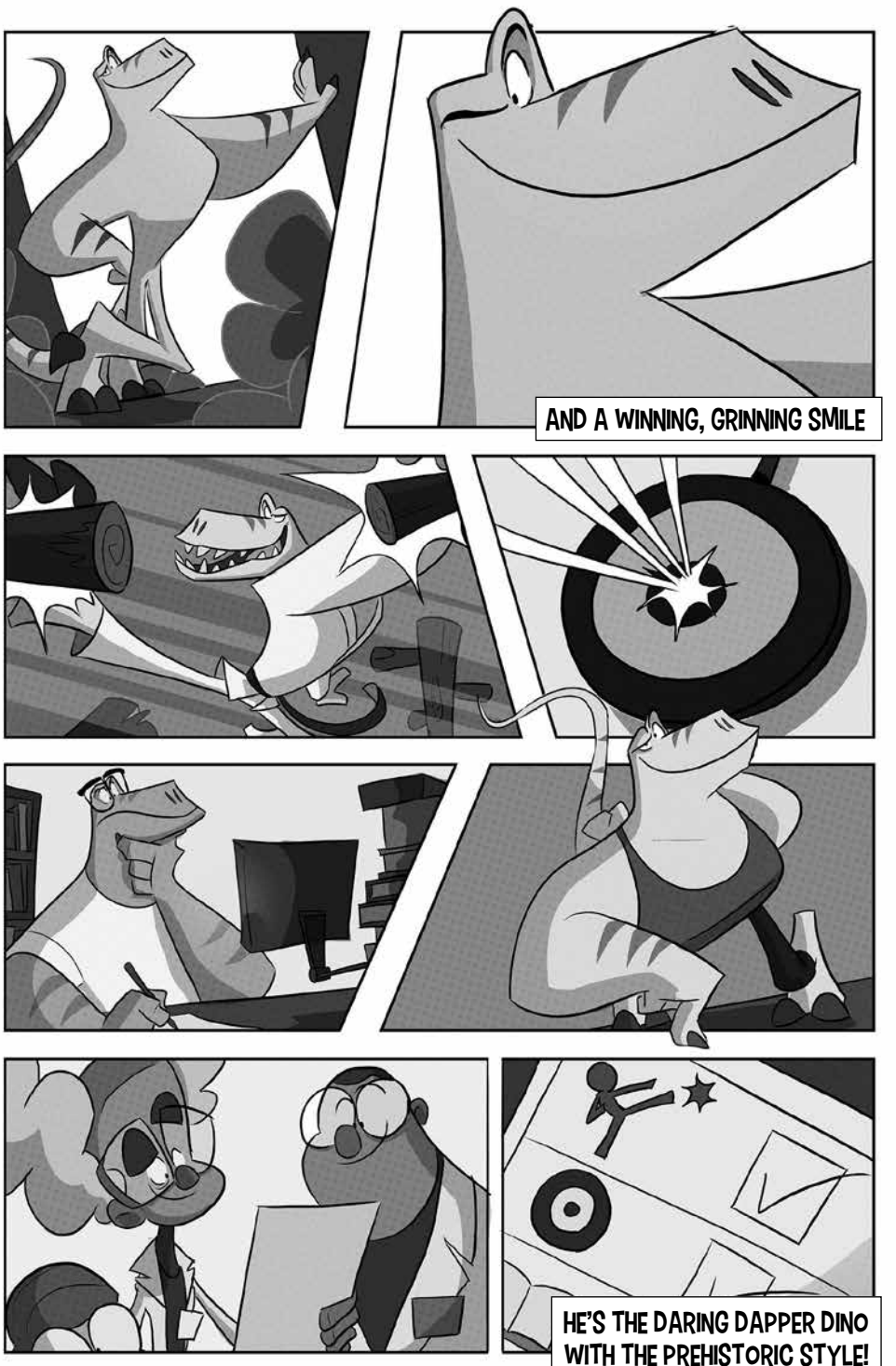
When top *spy*-entists put the mind of super-spy Agent Gambit inside the body of a dinosaur, they created the first ever **Super Secret Agent Dinosaur**. Together with his daughter, Amber, this prehistoric hero protects the world from villainy.

His codename:

SPYNOSAUR

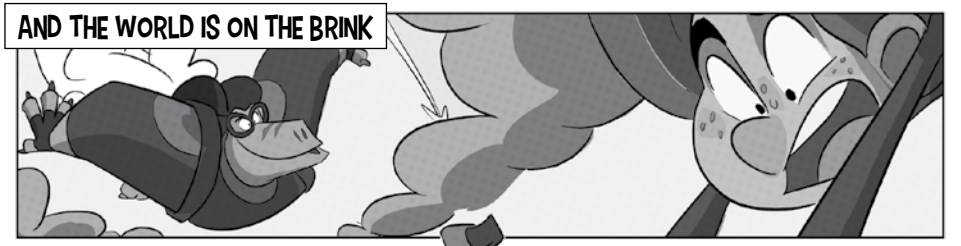
FROM A LAND BEFORE TIME COMES A HERO FOR TODAY...

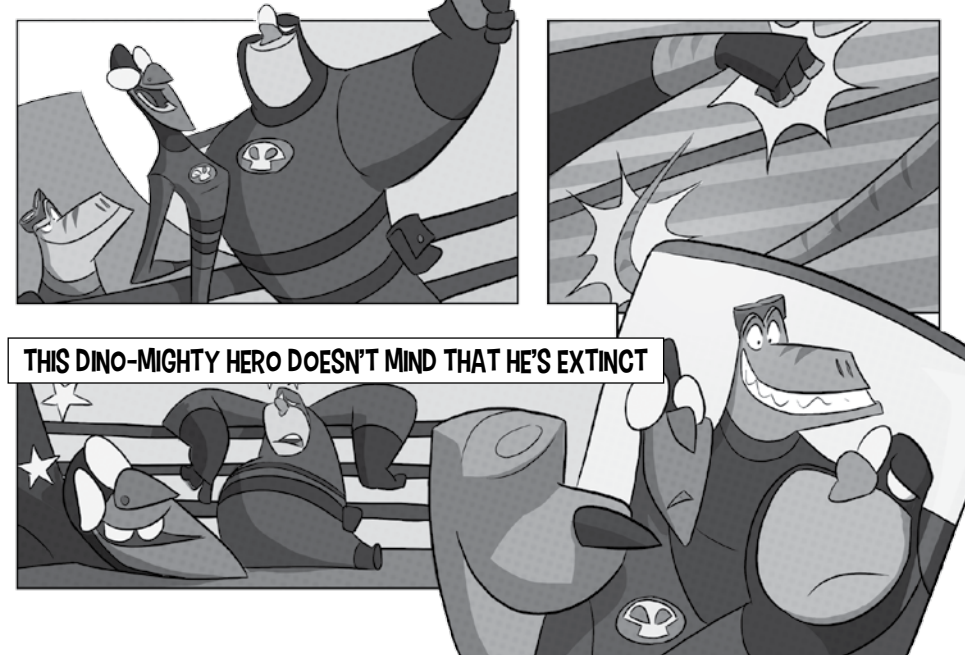

...BROUGHT BACK FROM EXTINCTION WITH A SUPER-SCIENCE RAY
WITH HIS SECRET AGENT BRAINWAVES
92%


AND A WINNING, GRINNING SMILE
HE'S THE DARING DAPPER DINO WITH THE PREHISTORIC STYLE!


SPYNOSAUR!


WHEN CRIMINALS CONSPIRE
REALLY EVIL PLANS


AND THE WORLD IS ON THE BRINK


THIS DINO-MIGHTY HERO DOESN'T MIND THAT HE'S EXTINCT


HE'S THE SCALED 'N' TAILED AGENT
WHO IS CERTAIN TO SURPRISE


BUT HE STILL LOOKS LIKE A DINOSAUR,
WHATEVER HIS DISGUISE
SPYNOSAUR!

1.
THE DOUBLE

TUESDAY 07:17

No.13 DIGGLE DRIVE,
THE VILLAGE OF LITTLE WALLOP

BA-DEEP!
BA-DEEP!
BA-DEEP!

Amber woke with a start. She sat up in bed and glanced over to her Super Secret Spy Watch™, which beeped incessantly.

"The signal!" she whispered. In twenty-seven seconds she was dressed and racing downstairs.



"Morning, Amber" said her mum, as Amber hurried past her on the stairs. "What do you want for breakfast?"

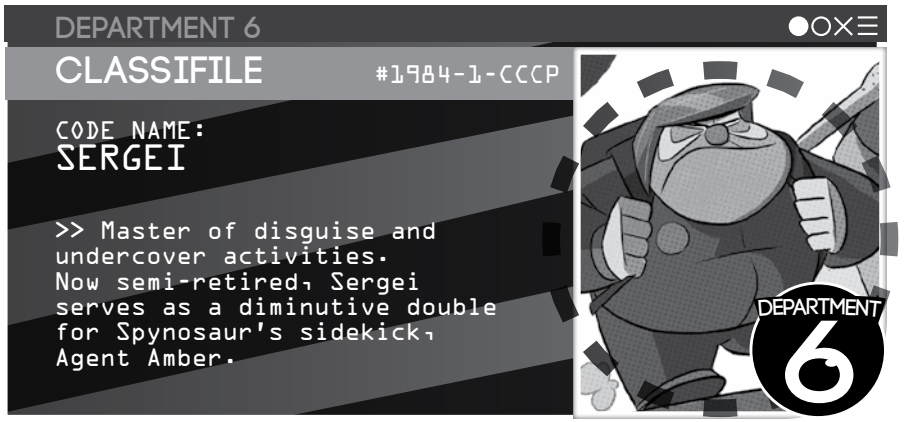
"Toast, please!" Amber replied. She waited for her mum to disappear into the kitchen before tiptoeing to the front-room window and sliding it open. Hiding in the bushes under the window was a very short, old man with a craggy face and a permanent scowl.

He was Amber's exact height, wore a tracksuit identical to hers, and atop his head sat a wig just like Amber's bob of red hair.

"Sergei does not like the toast," grunted Sergei in a thick, deep growl. "Sergei likes Coco Pops."

"Sorry, Sergei, I forgot," said Amber with a wink. She clambered out of the window as Sergei clambered in. Once inside, Sergei adjusted his wig and brushed a leaf off his tracksuit, just as Amber's mum returned from the kitchen.

"Toast won't be a minute, Amber," she said, kissing Sergei on top of the head.



"Toast..." he grunted. "Thank you, mother of Amber. I mean, Mother."

"Well, you've got to keep your strength up – big day at school," added Amber's mum.

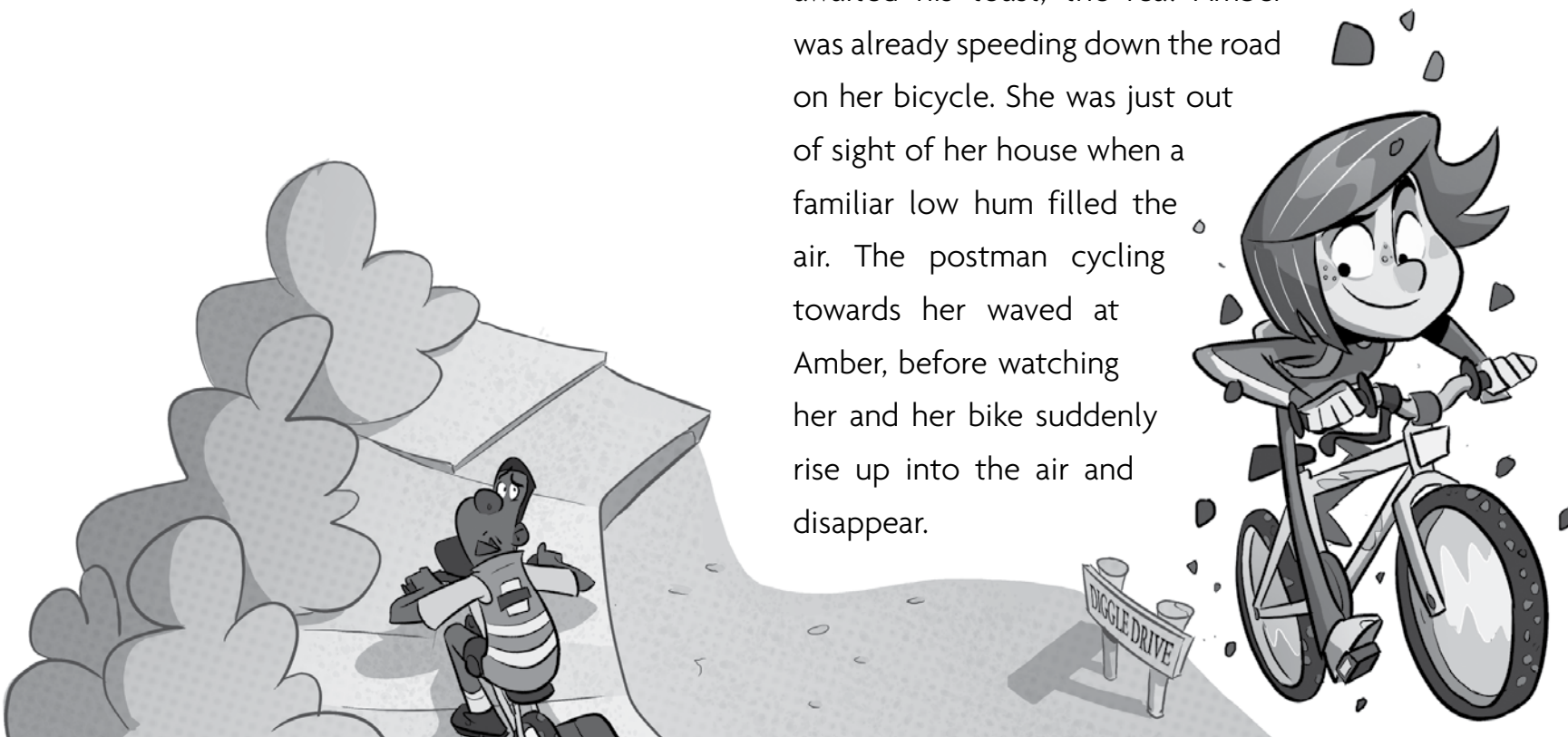
Sergei let out a long sigh. "School..." he grunted to himself. "Sergei is getting too old for this."

2. THE MISSION

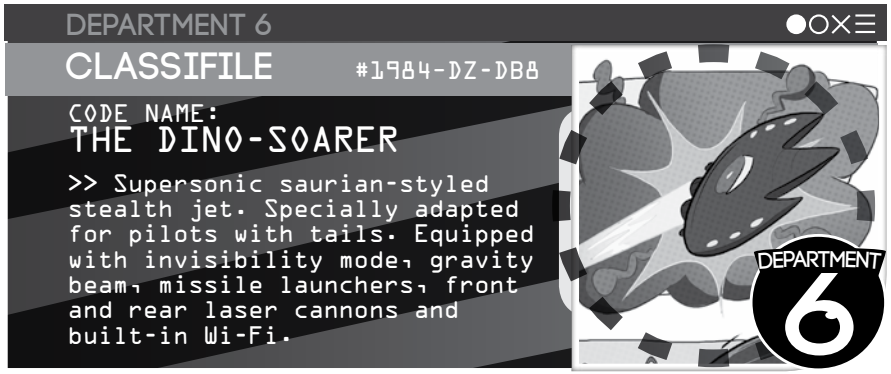
TUESDAY 07:21

No.13 DIGGLE DRIVE,
THE VILLAGE OF LITTLE WALLOP

While Amber's double reluctantly awaited his toast, the real Amber was already speeding down the road on her bicycle. She was just out of sight of her house when a familiar low hum filled the air. The postman cycling towards her waved at Amber, before watching her and her bike suddenly rise up into the air and disappear.



"Woohoo!" cried Amber, as she and her bike were swallowed up inside an almost-invisible aircraft by a powerful gravity beam. She emerged into a garage-sized docking bay and hopped off her bicycle.



"Hi, Dad! So what's the mission?" Amber asked, crossing the docking bay towards the Dino-soarer's cockpit.

"Saving the world, of course," said a low, clipped voice.

Standing before her was a dinosaur. The scaly, green *Deinonychus* measured a full nine feet from head to tail, with huge claws on his hands and feet, a long, broad head and a wide mouth filled with razor-sharp teeth. He wore a sleek spy-suit, with a silver pistol tucked into a shoulder holster.

Amber threw herself at the dinosaur and hugged him tightly.

"I missed you, too, poppet," he said, wrapping his deadly claws round her.

"Da-ad, I told you not to call me that," Amber groaned. "I'm a super secret agent..."

"Super secret agent in *training*," corrected her dad. "How's your mother?"

"OK, I s'pose," Amber replied with a shrug. "I don't see her much, what with all this spy stuff – Sergei spends more time with her than I do. Are you sure we can't just tell her the truth?"

"And admit we're spies? Out of the question," replied Spynosaur. "I'll always love your mother, but she can't keep a secret to save her life. Do you remember the time you asked her not to tell anyone that you accidentally flushed your pet gerbil down the toilet? It was all over the village by teatime! No, I'm afraid your mum believes that I was a travelling peanut-butter salesman who died in a tragic kite-flying accident. We're spies, Amber – keeping secrets is what we do."

"I s'pose," Amber sighed.

"Good girl," said Spynosaur. "Now, have you been practising your **NINJA SKILLS**?"

"Every day!" replied Amber, kicking and punching at him furiously.

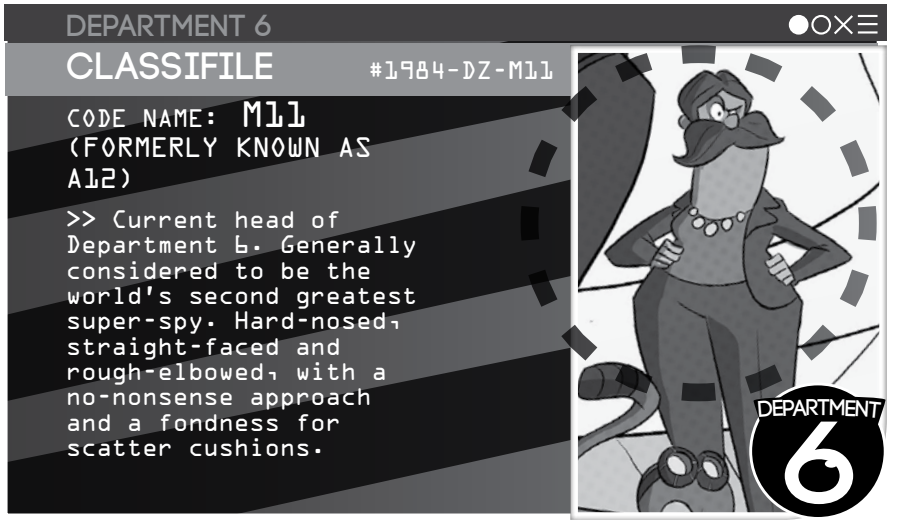
"Ah, the **HASTY PUFFERFISH OPEN SANDWICH DRAINPIPE ATTACK** – excellent work, poppet," said Spynosaur, casually deflecting her blows with his tail.

"*Please* stop calling me—" Amber began. But she was interrupted by a voice blaring out from the cockpit's control panel.



"The **DEPARTMENT 6** top-secret transmission channel!" Amber cried, as Spynosaur pressed a button on the Dino-soarer's control panel. A woman's face appeared on the cockpit viewscreen. She had a neatly cropped bob of greying hair and an impressive moustache.





"M11! Missing me already?" Spynosaur grinned, flashing his sharp teeth.

"Spynosaur, if it were up to me you'd be extinct," snarled M11. "As far as I'm concerned, your maverick methods and routine recklessness have no place in Department 6. You were more than enough trouble when you were human, but—"

"—*But* since I continue to save the world on a bi-weekly basis, you'll let me off," interrupted Spynosaur, giving Amber a wink.

DEPARTMENT 6

CLASSIFILE

#1984-DZ-015

NAME:
ERGO EGO PHD.OMG.LOL.

>> Criminal mastermind and all-round bad egg-head. Creator of the Mind Mining Machine, a device that copies a person's brainwaves and downloads them to a pocket-sized "brain box". Subject is obsessed with gaining the respect of other criminal masterminds, specifically the P.O.I.S.O.N. high command.



"Because, blast it to smithereens, Spynosaur, I knew you'd make it personal!" snapped M11. "Making things personal is what reckless, rule-book-ignoring mavericks do!"

"Shooting someone into the moon *is* personal!" growled Amber.

"The point is, we have reason to believe Ego has created some sort of super-secret weapon, known only as the *McGuffin*," M11 continued. "He plans to hand the weapon over to P.O.I.S.O.N. in exchange for membership of their guild."

"He's been desperate to join that felonious faction for years," said Spynosaur. "Where is Ego now?"

"That's the problem – we've had your former partner secretly tracking Ego for weeks – but two days ago we lost all contact," M11 explained.

"Sounds like *Danger Monkey* needs me to save his tail again," said Spynosaur.

"Your mission is to locate Danger Monkey and secure the McGuffin," concluded M11. "Preferably without blowing up everything in sight."

"Never fear, M11, we'll find the Department's prized primate and this weapon of mass mischief – and put a stop to Ergo Ego for good measure," Spynosaur assured her. "*And* we'll be back for Amber's bedtime."

"Da-ad," groaned Amber.